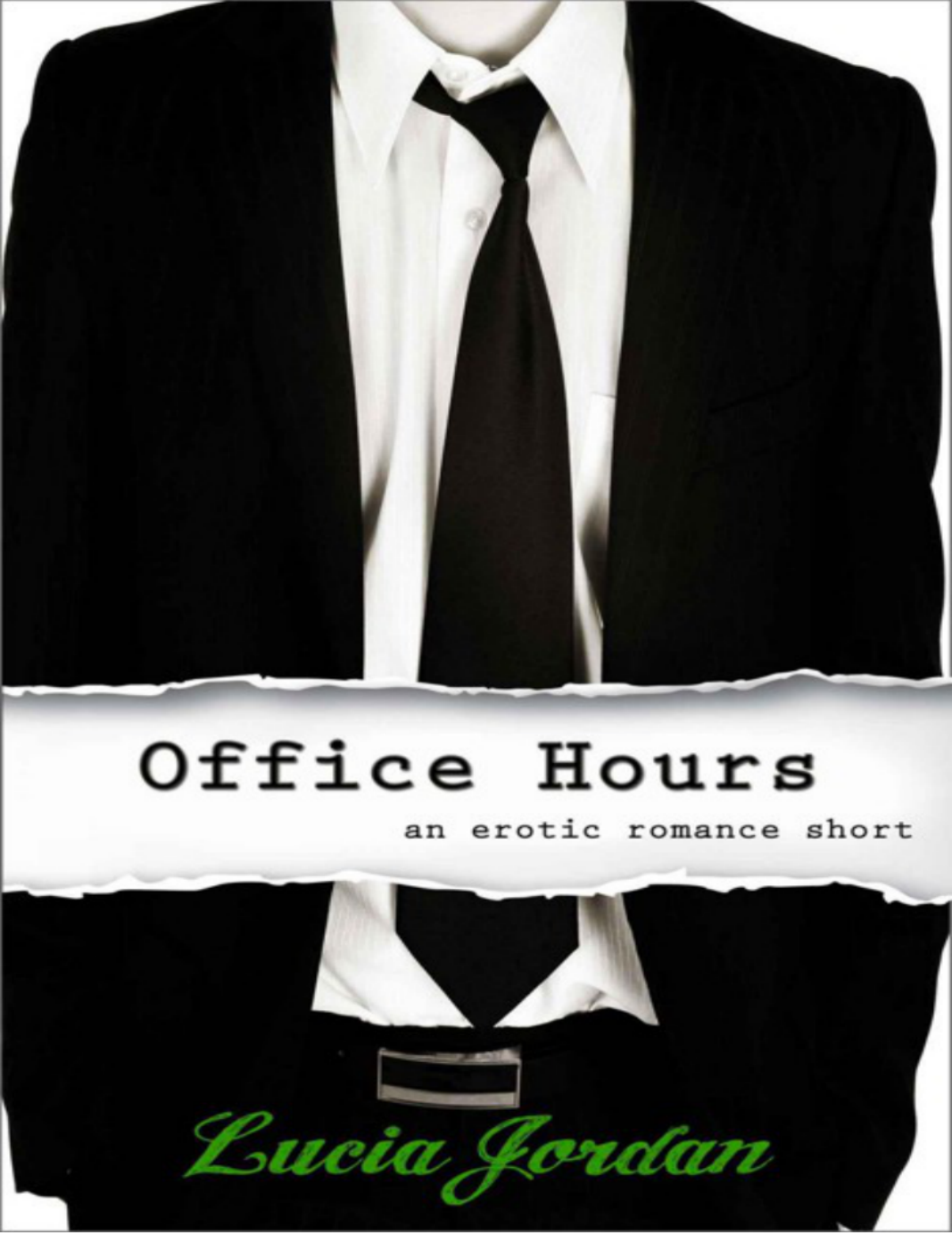

Office Hours

an erotic romance short

Lucia Jordan

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Office Hours

She could just imagine what it would be like, being made love to by a man like him. It won't be flowery or slow and neither would it be gentle. It would be a hard, fast, *rough* taking that would make her pussy twitch for days after with the memory.

Sighing raggedly, Holly looked reluctantly away from the profile of her boss, Jason Newman. He was in his early thirties, and the owner of the company where she worked. He was also the hottest man alive, granted, but she had to stop thinking of sex every time she looked at him. Here they all were, at least ten in number, having a top-level meeting in the boardroom. The last thing she should be thinking about was Mr. Newman's cock sliding deep in and out of her from behind. But damn, that would be something, Holly thought dreamily.

At last the meeting was over, thankfully. She stacked up her papers and was about to make a quick exit along with the other employees, before she heard a deep voice say her name from across the room.

She turned sharply on her heel. *Mr. Newman*. He was standing at the head of the table and beckoning to her. Swallowing, she willed herself to not panic as she made her way over to him. The boardroom had emptied by now, so it was just the two of them. Now what?

"I couldn't help noticing you were somewhat distracted throughout the meeting, Miss. Granger," her boss said in that butter-melting voice of his. That voice could make any woman slide straight out of her panties and into his bed, no questions asked. Holly shivered at the prospect.

"I'm sorry sir," she said quickly, a nervous hand shoving through her long

honey-blonde hair.

He tipped his head slightly to the side. “There are times when a simple apology just isn’t going to cut it, you know,” he said with a musing tone. “I’m wondering just what I have to do to make you take your work more seriously.”

“Oh, but I do take it seriously, Mr. Newman,” she said hastily. “There’s nothing I like better than working here on the marketing team of Newman Associates. I’d do anything to make sure I keep my job.”

“Yes, well your…dedication and enthusiasm has to be translated into action, Miss Granger. I can’t have my employees daydreaming all through an important meeting. I think I’ll need to make sure you step in line.”

Holly gulped. Why oh why had she been so stupid? She’d been working at Newman’s for almost four months without getting into her boss’ bad books. In fact, he’d barely noticed her in all this time, and now fate had picked today of all days, with her at anything but her best, to get her in trouble with the big guy.

And he was big, literally – all six feet plus of him. Hard-packed shoulders and a torso that even his severe suits couldn’t hide how athletic and fit he was. He had gorgeous grey eyes and dark, blue-black hair, and his face was all chiseled planes. And those lips…she’d fantasized enough about kissing them, about having them sliding over every inch of her body…

“You’re doing it again, Miss Granger,” he snapped, and she blinked, quickly bringing his handsome face back into focus.

“What?”

“You had that lost-in-space look again,” he murmured, his grey eyes narrowing. “I can’t help but wonder what could be going on in that pretty blonde head of yours.”

Wouldn’t you like to know, she thought mischievously, even as she squirmed at the “pretty blonde” comment. Now what could she read into that? Nothing, her sensible subconscious told her instantly.

“Seems I’ll have to make an example out of you. I want you in my office in fifteen minutes. Don’t be late, Miss Granger,” he threw over his shoulder as he strode out of the boardroom.

*

Okay, Holly, don’t panic, she kept telling herself as she paced the small confines of her office. Whatever Mr. Hunky Boss had in mind, it wouldn’t be about handing her a sack letter. She hadn’t really done anything wrong, had she? And before now, she’d had a pretty good record at work. She completed her tasks on time, and worked well with the other members of her marketing team. She was well liked around the office, and had a few admirers who’d made the place a little more interesting though she’d never gone out on a date with anyone. So in short, she hadn’t messed up – until now.

But what if she told him it was him she’d been daydreaming about, would that help? As soon as she thought of it, she shoved the idea aside. The last

thing Mr. Newman would want to know is how some ditsy female employee couldn't stop fantasizing about sharing his bed. He probably had enough bimbos throwing themselves at him daily, both on and off work.

Finally, she took the lift to his floor, forcing her heart to stop racing. Maybe she wasn't really in trouble, she told herself. There had been that look in his eye…Well, she was woman enough to have at least some kind of radar to know when a man had a thing for her. Perhaps she'd get just a slap on the wrist and then maybe he'd ask her out to lunch.

Now that possibility made her smile, and she had a lot more confidence as she was finally let into his office by his secretary. She walked in, saw him sitting behind his desk, and her composure fled.

His office was huge, clean and modern in design. He had picture windows with a fantastic view of the skyline, a sitting area with couches and coffee table, and a massive desk made of chrome and glass.

Forcing her feet to take her forward, she sunk quickly into the chair he silently indicated for her.

"Um…Mr. Newman, first off I'd like to apologize once again. I so much wanted to make a good impression on you and I feel terrible you'd think I was too distracted at work."

"Oh, you've made a good impression, Miss Granger, don't you doubt that," he drawled, viewing her through hooded eyes. "You've been able to make it past the trial period and you only just became a full-fledged employee here. I've heard nothing but good reports about you, and yet…"

Holly swallowed with difficulty, willing her heart to stop pounding like it would burst from her chest. The underlying note of huskiness in his tone was making her press her knees tighter together. Her hands gripped the armrests of her chair as she saw him rise slowly from behind his desk.

Soon he was right in front of her, within touching distance. She tried to keep her gaze trained up at his face at not at his crotch, which was at her eye level. But it was a difficult task indeed.

"And yet, I can't help but decide that a woman like you needs to be shown certain…discipline," he finally added, his eyes flickering slowly over her from head to foot. She tried not to squirm in her tight little skirt suit as he took a perch on the corner of the desk just inches away. For some reason, her breasts seemed to grow heavier; her nipples began to tighten, just with his closeness and with the unmistakable glint in his eye.

"I'm not sure what you mean, Mr. Newman," she said with a scratchy throat.

He smiled slightly, the small tilt of lips sexy and even predatory. Holly gulped. "Oh, I think you do, Miss. Granger. I think you know exactly what I mean."

His hand reached out, and it was an effort not to flinch in surprise. But he was only sinking his fingers through her hair, his touch intimate, possessive."I've watched you these past few weeks, Miss Granger – Holly.

And I've wondered…how good is this fresh-faced beauty going to be at taking orders?"

"I'm sure my immediate superiors will tell you how obedient I've been and how good I am at fulfilling given tasks," she said in a gasping voice, still trying to maintain some air of decorum but knowing it was slipping fast from this situation.

"Obedience…that's the kind of word I'm looking for," Mr. Newman murmured, before his fist tightened in her hair, drawing on the roots and making Holly gasp at the tingling sensation. In an instant, a flood of moisture spread in her panties. She was hot, so hot – and she didn't know what for. Not yet.

"Let's see, Miss. Granger, just how "obedient" you can be," he said in a soft, stirring voice. "Look down at my trouser front. I want you to undo my zipper, and then I want you to take out my cock."

There was no time to think about it first. The compelling tone in his voice could not be ignored – or denied. Neither could she disregard the shivery ache that resounded in her pussy at his command.

Holly felt his eyes watching her every move as she slowly put her hands up to pants, undid his buckle, and then unfastened the button and zipper. She stared down at the huge wedge in his boxers, her fingers hooking into the elastic waistband. She looked up to meet his eyes, and saw them blazing darkly. "Do it, Holly."

Without any further hesitation, she drew down the band and out sprung his very impressive, very hard cock. She drew in a sharp breath in admiration, her pussy reflexively clenching and unclenching as it dripped even more in anticipation.

She was breathless, and still in shock. Somehow, she'd gone into a different mode since the words "take out my cock" had come out from his mouth. This was just like in her deepest, darkest fantasies. Only hotter, more stimulating.

Not saying a word, she grasped his stiff, bobbing shaft in both hands. It didn't occur to her at first that they were right inside his office, but when it did a few moments later, she looked up at him in alarm, "But your secretary – anyone could come in and…"

"No one goes through that door without knocking first – and I told Cheryl to hold all visitors as long as you were in here," he said mildly, his tone contrasting with the storm billowing in his darkened eyes. His hands in her hair tugged her forward. "Obedience, Holly, remember that. Now, you know what to do."

Did she ever. Closing her eyes for a second, she covered the tip of his cock in her mouth. There came a deep, moaning sound, and she wasn't sure if it came from her or from him. All she knew was that he felt good in her mouth; hot, firm, alive. Her hands tightened their grip around his immense girth.

There was so much of him that even both her hands seemed dwarfed. She felt her lips stretch as she tried to take him some inches deeper down her throat, and then gagged.

"Yes," he said softly in approval, as she moved back on him to plant lollipop licks around his knob and shaft. She looked up at him, and then held his smoky gaze. Slowly, firmly, she started to suck his cock, her head working back and forth as she coated him in saliva. It was so erotic looking into his eyes and seeing the passion playing within them. Her own throat was filled with soft, mewling sounds of bliss as she took delight in pleasuring him. He grew even thicker, harder beneath her ministrations, and it was all she could do not to slobber all over him in her desire to swallow him whole.

"Enough," he growled, his fingers in her hair clenching and then drawing her away from him. She put fingers to her now aching lips, rubbing at the dribbles of saliva at the edges.

"That was good, Holly – very good. I wanted so much to come in your pretty mouth and make you swallow every drop. But that would have to be kept at the top of my bucket list for the time being." He chuckled at the look of burning lust blazing in her eyes. "You want my cock, don't you? In your mouth, in your pussy, anywhere. You want me. Say it, Holly."

"I do, Mr. Newman," she said softly. "I want you…I want your cock."

"Good girl," he said with throbbing satisfaction in his voice. His hands fell on her shoulders, and then he drew her up from the chair and seized her lips in a kiss. Holly's eyelids drifted closed as she sunk into the revelry of being kissed by him. It was a delight on all levels; his heat, his sweetness, his manliness. She tasted him and it was like a drug. Her whole body trembled, her pussy vibrated like there was some magic wand stuck in, working on full-powered buzz.

"Damn you're sexy," he groaned, tugging on her bottom lip minutes later. "I've wanted you since the first week you started work here. How I kept my hands off you in all that time…"

As he spoke, his hand was travelling up her thigh, beneath her skirt. Holly felt him pull aside her panties, and the next second, he was fingering her sex. She gasped, open-mouthed, against his lips as the earth seemed to tilt on its axis. He had the most unerring, most heated touch. It singed through her folds and melted her walls till she seemed to seep butter. "Jason…," she said before she could stop herself, and her eyes flew open to find him staring straight at her.

"In these four walls, it's "sir" – or Mr. Newman," he said in that dominant tone she found so arousing.

"Yes…sir," she replied obediently. She looked up to meet his dark-fire eyes, and saw that she'd pleased him. It was all she could do to keep from dissolving into a puddle at his feet as he jammed two fingers up her cunt. Then he began sawing in and out, in a steady, measured pace. The rhythm and depths of his thrusts made her clutch at his broad, suited shoulders as gasp

after gasp escaped her.

"Your pussy is so tight and wet," he murmured deeply. "And just the right fit for my cock. I want to fuck you, Holly, right on this desk. Just slam you flat on your back, spread your legs wide, and shove myself again and again into your moist heat till I explode."

"Then we want the same thing, Mr. Newman," she said sultrily, regaining some of her audaciousness. Without another word, she slipped from his arms and went to his neatly kept, virtually bare desk. It looked like the perfect platform for a hard fuck and she prepared herself mentally for the eventuality.

She turned to face him, reaching beneath her skirt to pull down her panties. Stepping out of them, she smiled sensuously as she saw his eyes darken almost black as he watched her.

Holly backed up till she felt the desk bump into her from behind. First she balanced herself on the edge, half-lying back – and then she leaned back on her elbows. Then she pushed her legs as far apart they could go. She heard more than saw him take a sharp breath. Her pussy was exposed in full sight, and while he watched with those lust-black eyes, she sucked on her fore- and middle fingers for a moment. Popping them out of her mouth, she took them straight to her pussy, parting the glistening folds and then jamming them into her slit.

She wondered if he could hear the squelching sounds her fingers made as they fucked in and out of her pussy. He must like what he saw and heard, because his cock bobbed and reared, its tip spilling precum. Holly licked on her lips as her eyes remained trained on his thickly-veined manhood.

"Keep looking at me like that, Holly, and I just might give you what you're asking for," he threatened, fisting his cock in his hand and masturbating himself as she too, stroked in and out of her own pussy.

"And what could that be, Mr. Newman?" she purred, eyes wide with feigned innocence.

"A hot, hard and fast fuck," he told her plainly, as he advanced slowly. "I'll sink so deep inside you and then I'll pound you so hard you'll find it a struggle to make it back to your desk on your two feet when I'm done."

Heck yes, Holly thought inwardly in agreement with his promise-filled words. Her whole body shuddered in anticipation as he came to stand in front of her, his cock a thick, long stem aiming to plant itself straight in her waiting cunt.

"Remember what I said about taking orders?" he asked softly, and Holly nodded, biting on her bottom lip. "Fold your arms underneath your knees, and lift them high on your chest. Higher, Holly," he said firmly, and she did as she was told, her body folded almost double as she lifted her hips off the desk. With the aid of her arms linked around her closed knees, she was able to raise them almost to her chin.

"I knew you'd be the supple type," he said in approval, his smile teasing. "In fact, I think I knew you'd be very many things, Holly. A very willing,

very sensual submissive, for one."

Holly gulped. She did feel like she was definitely in a submissive position, what with her pussy and butt crack displayed so openly. And yet, it all made her all the more horny, alive. The blood was coursing faster through her veins as she saw him line himself up right at the entrance of her exposed cunt.

His hand slid up and down her puffy pussy lips, and she couldn't help but gasp at the sure, firm pressure from his fingertips. "I love the sense of fucking you this way, Holly. I can already tell I'm going to enjoy this very much. And I can promise you will, too. But I need you to do one more thing for me."

"Anything, Mr. Newman," Holly breathed, gazing into his eyes as if mesmerized. His thumb flicked over her hardened clit, and she almost squealed as a charge of electricity ripped through her.

"I need you to promise that you won't scream or make a noise," were his mild words. While he spoke, he kept rubbing on her sex button, making her whole frame quake as her pussy puddled with juices. "Only I get to do the talking. So not a sound, Holly, no matter what. This is an office, remember; and this is office hours. I can't have everyone getting privy of the fact that I'm about to fuck your brains out."

"Yes sir," she squeaked, her fingers tightening where they clutched around her knees.

"Good girl," he murmured. He removed his hand from her drenched cunt, taking hold of his thick, pole-straight shaft, and edging it closer till it was laid along her slit. Just knowing how close he was to claiming her, was enough to make Holly feel like her head was spinning. Her clit, her whole pussy, was throbbing with expectation. There she was, spread wide and waiting for her boss to drive his big fat cock into her.

Both their eyes were drawn down for a moment to the picture of his knob coming to rest against her slick entrance. They watched as he teased her opening with the tip of his cock for a moment, causing another quiver within her core, before he finally pushed forward, the thick head of his cock disappearing inside her.

Holly let out a soundless sigh, her muscles clutching around the initial intrusion. She held on tighter to her locked legs, and instinctively pushed her ass a little higher off the desk. He put his hands on either side of her head, using it as an anchor as with his hips, he surged forward.

Holly's eyes widened as her whole body stiffened, her teeth clamping down on her tongue to quell her choking screech. His eyes were on her face as he laid his weight over her, bearing down. Buried deep inside her, almost to the hilt, was his cock.

Not breathing, Holly waited, transfixed, for her pussy walls to stop twitching, as they grew accustomed to the aching fullness, the searing heat of him.

Oh my God, she thought dazedly, feeling impossibly, deliciously stretched. Somewhere deep inside her, she turned to molten jelly. Not taking his eyes off

her face, he withdrew, and then shoved in once again. This time Holly's lips parted wide but just in time, she remembered his stipulation. She was very, very afraid that she wouldn't be able to keep that promise after all…

*

There was nothing, absolutely nothing, as exquisite as having him deep inside her. He was just as in command as when he was Mr. Newman, her boss. Now, he was her lover, and he was taking her with a sweet, hard force that made her eyes moisten and her pussy pulse with passion.

She could hear his ragged breathing, but that was the only indication as to how much self-control it was taking him to start slow. He began with an easy, yet no less penetrating, fuck. Holly got to feel every ridge, every raised vein of his thick, throbbing shaft. With each measured, long and slow stroke, he drove himself deeper into her till she could feel his tip scraping at her cervix.

Time and again, she felt like he was bringing her closer to that point of no return. With each moan she swallowed down, with every sigh of delight she nursed, she knew she was just inches away from giving in totally to the ecstasy of his powerful lovemaking.

And then, without warning, he stopped teasing her with his slow, oil-pump thrusts. Once it seemed her inner walls had begun to get used to his massive girth, he ramped the pace. His hips moved faster, angling into spots that had her blinking with head-spinning bliss. By this time, he was buried so completely inside her that his hips bumped against her ass with each thrust. To get an even more in-depth angle, he pushed down on her raised knees, lifting them so that her ankles almost crossed behind her neck. Holly was oblivious to the discomfort of this position; her body was too intent on the fact that now he could fuck her deeper, harder.

She was aware of every inch of him settling snugly within her each time he rocked forward. And whenever he pulled back, she almost sobbed. Now that he was holding her legs up, she had her hands free to cup over her mouth to stifle the cries that threatened to erupt. She had to keep reminding herself that the door wasn't locked and that his secretary was right beyond the opposite side of the wall.

Nothing seemed to faze her boss, though, Holly felt. Apart from the slightly flushed glaze over his face, he was like a fuck machine, intent on only one thing: to bring her, and him, to a body-shuddering climax.

Minutes must have ticked by, but it felt like much, much longer. Every second was amplified, expanded, by the bruising thickness of his meaty pole dipping into her again and again. Suddenly, he straightened slightly so that he could slip a hand between their merged bodies. His thumb moistened itself on her juices which coated her pussy and his thrusting shaft. Taking that whetted thumb, he reached down and nudged against the lower part of her body, at her clenching arse hole.

Holly gasped, feeling him sink knuckle-deep into her anal ring. Her sphincter gripped on him instantly, then released his invading thumb in time

to her pussy shivering around his cock. In and out, in and out, he thumbed her ass while his cock fucked her pussy. There was no way she could endure much more of this.

He seemed to know this, as his hips moved even faster to an almost blurring speed. Holly's eyes were locked with his in that moment when the world tipped all the way over for her. Just like that, her orgasm slammed into her and it was like an implosion. From within, she disintegrated and then all her scattered pieces merged together once more, all in an intense, body-shaking minute. He watched her cum, and then he too, finally let go of that iron-clad control. Just as her tensed muscles stopped shivering around his cock, he started to climax, arching into her one finally time as he erupted and pulsed within her.

*

It was hard to believe that the hottest, most intense fuck of her life had just taken place. Her boss, Jason Newman, was back to his ever collected self. He was buttoned up, his tie straightened, his hair pushed back. Not a bead of sweat on his forehead to indicate that he'd just given her a very heated, very thorough shafting right there on his desk.

Holly had been barely able to stand, as he'd promised. Her knees fairly wobbled as she inched off the desk, her recently-pounded vaginal walls aching delightfully. She bent to pick up her discarded panties, till she heard him make a tut-tut sound.

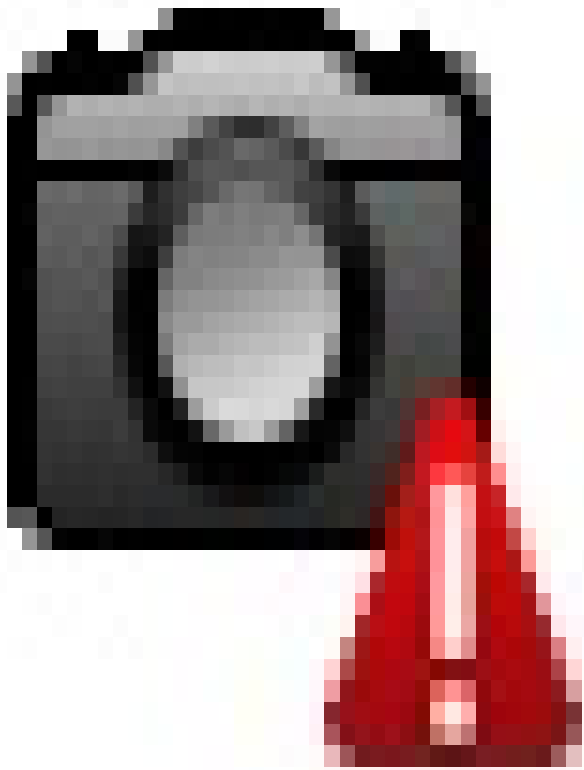
She turned to find him seated behind his desk. He beckoned her forward, and she went to him, each step reminding her how he'd pleasured her deeply and immensely.

"Hand them over," he said briskly, and knowing exactly to what he was referring, she placed her lacy black panties into his outstretched hand. She watched as he tucked them away inside his suit pocket. "A memento, Holly. For me. And now, you'll have to walk around all day with no underwear, knowing that you've been rightly disciplined. Come here." He took hold of her wrist, and drew her down so he could capture her lips in a tender, very possessive kiss.

"Just remember what will happen if you get in my bad graces again," he teased, his eyes twinkling as he broke off the kiss. Holly could only manage a demure smile, her heart beating faster at the promise she found glinting in his dark gaze.

"Now get back to work," he told her, and with a "yes sir", she headed out the door, already thinking of new ways to be naughty and hoping she'll be having more of Mr. Newman's "discipline" sometime soon…

Check out the next page for more books
by Lucia Jordan!



‘Bounds Of Passion’ is the first book in the exciting new ‘Bound’ series by Lucia Jordan

Lydia Westwood has the libido that can’t be calmed, and no one can satisfy her. Frustrated with the lack of pleasure she gets from her men, Lydia turns to the world of BDSM, and meets the handsome and mysterious Jack Riding, whose skills and expertise might just give Lydia the orgasm she’s craving, but at what cost?

See next page for a preview!

Preview

Jack Riding continued his assault on Lydia's clitoris and she cried out as her pleasure mounted. As she began to twitch with the start of an orgasmic wave, he let the riding crop fall and leaned over her naked back to whisper in her ear.

"Why did you join the website?"

"Because," she gasped. "Because no man has ever been able to make me come before he does when fucking me," she turned her head slightly. "Can you do it?"

"I can't promise anything," Jack replied with a smile. "Now, head down," he pushed her dark locks over her face and took a hold of her hips. "I like a challenge," he added, touching just the tip of his cock to her wetness. She tried to back into him and received a slap on her backside for her trouble. "Keep still," he snapped, and she fought to relax her limbs. Her legs, splayed apart with the restraint revealing and displaying their hidden treasures, which Jack pressed minutely against.

Lydia felt the amazingness of having a lover just touching her – resting his hot, pink glans against her entrance, but not actively seeking it. Her wetness mixed with Jack's pre-cum and they seemed to be joined in the heat of the moment.

Then, with barely any thrusting at all, Jack pressed inside her, slowly entering her passage, whilst all the time stroking her clitoris, gently, gently. Heat radiated all over Lydia's flesh and she felt the wounds Jack had given her glow with a strange mix of pleasure and pain, heightened by this welcome intrusion into her sex. She felt the glowing head of his cock pushing her sex open – making way for the long, thick shaft behind it. She felt, more keenly than before, the way her sex rippled and fluttered over the man's cock, tasting and touching every time morsel of it. It was more intimate than she had ever felt before.